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Mildred Schuppert



# Pegasus' Pony

**Hope College**

**May 1932**

# Pegasus' Pony

—♦—  
Literary Supplement

--of--

The Hope College Anchor

—♦—  
*Foreword*

In this third annual edition of *Pegasus' Pony* there appears a new note in the manner of its production, and it is our sincere hope that this note may grow into a harmony which will be a joy and credit to Hope College. We have associated the *Pony* with an established campus publication, the *Hope College Anchor*. We trust that the practice will be continued, since it is doubtful whether the *Pony* can maintain a separate existence.

The inclusion of advertisements, we hope, will not neutralize the aesthetic value of the book; their immediate necessity from a business point of view must be readily acknowledged.

Another new element has been introduced in the two orations, which we print in recognition of the vital role oratory plays in the Hope program, and out of respect for the literary merits of the orations themselves.

It is our fond dream then that *Pegasus' Pony* may in the future become an annual literary edition of the *Anchor*, enjoying the popular sanction and traditional recognition of that publication. We believe that a publication affording a proper and encouraging medium for literary expression fulfills a definite service in the realization of the purpose of a liberal arts college. The seed that falls upon good ground shall grow and bring forth increase. It is our conviction that seeds abound with us; may this soil we have prepared help bear them to fruition.

IVAN JOHNSON, Editor *Literary Supplement*.

JOAN WALVOORD, Editor *Anchor*.

DECKARD RITTER, Faculty Adviser.



HOPE COLLEGE

MAY, 1932

### *Quivering Wing*

ALBERT HOLLAND, '34

To think of giddy Time's unending flight,  
A moment hovering then sweeping on,  
The shadow of a mighty wing, a light  
And taunting touch which soon is gone;  
No quickening spur, no trumpet call is thine,  
No pulsing, maddened cries to thee we give;  
Thy conquest is most soft, and so benign  
That multitudes thy mockery forgive.  
  
Pale pinions steer an unrelenting course  
Adown the vale where all is yesterday,  
Where variant needs have gone and all remorse  
Points mutely to the thing we cannot stay;  
And this is Time, the quiver of a wing  
Which shadows life and love and everything.

### *H o m e*

ALYLE A. SCHUTTER, '33

DAY, to many, means the beginning of new tasks, new fields to conquer and new heights to ascend. When the morning sun has chased away the night of sleep, old and young alike become aware of latent possibilities that might make them climb to dizzying heights of success, to power and to glory. The old, old man is young at the early morn, and the young man is capable of making real his wildest dreams.

Day rules most men as a majestic power, austere and grand, shaping their lives and bending their wills. So it was in the dawning that I set out to find that something in life that would bring me lasting joy and happiness.

My quest seemed indeed a pleasant one bringing me eternal joy. Soon I was possessed by the idea that I had found the key to life. There was no twentieth century Holy Grail, no real quest but happiness. Life was all joy if one would make it so.

I found it in the milling crowds of a Coney Island or a Monte Carlo. The magic land of glamour and bright lights called to me and said, "Come and I will give thee happiness."

My ship of gladness brought me to strange lands where I met strange people. I saw grand cities with colossal columns raised into the sky. I saw parks that would rival Eden. I saw mountains boldly lifting their heads among the clouds, laughing at this whirling mass of foolish beings.

Joy was everywhere. It was gloriously brought in the fury of the squall. Then I found it the beauty of a limpid sky that followed.

Real life was in the cool summer night bathed under a mellow moon. I found it under palm trees, in low voices crooning, and in the soft twang of a steel guitar.

In the late summer of the year 1930, I was supremely gay while riding through the arid lands of the Southwest, riding away from all things dull and sordid, seeking still more of adventure and delight.

After riding many hot miles across the burning sands, I found myself camped one night in the middle of New Mexico's high desert, on the sandy bank of the San Carlos river.

The night seemed peculiarly quiet and peaceful. A little way in the distance, a lonely coyote whined. Far off in the brakes, a wild burro called to its mate. Now and then I could hear my hobbled horse, as he threshed around in the mesquite looking for the new and tender shoots.

My fire crackled and burned a hole in the night. The river seemed glad that someone had come out of this vast wilderness to whom it could speak. Then conforming to convention, the desert solitude, it murmured softly and sang to me of home.

The sweet music from orchestras of stellar lands is not quite audible to our earthly ears, so God has tuned a part of this world with a spark of the divine. Now it vibrates with the angel choruses, blessing man and praising God. Harmony rises from the trees. The birds and waters of the land sing in tune. The very rocks cry out the beauty of the great Creator. The river sang to me, that song almost divine, of home. I held my serape closer, and gazing into the fire I dreamed sweet dreams.

Someone has said this life is just a process of falling away, with reality lying far behind us over an almost impassable trail. And to the question, "Whence comest thou?" we must answer with one accord, "From God who is our home."

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." We lose somewhat of this tender spirit when first we leave our homes, but it comes back if we will but listen to the phantom music of the land. To stalwart fellows homesickness never comes, but the song of a river can turn a carefree voyageur into a lonesome boy. In his soul then is a season of calm weather, and

though he is far inland, he gets a fleeting glimpse of that immortal sea that brought him there.

From time to time I replenished my fire with juniper wood, which, while burning, gives an odor one can never forget, far sweeter than man's oriental myrrh. I watched the flames lick at the dry wood. Soon I revelled in a fantastic cinema production. From out of the fire my world moved by in solemn procession. I saw my playmates; one by one I saw the ones I loved. Once more I played a game of ball, or lived over again the scenes of a family picnic. Once more I sailed in the bay. Tacking homeward to a northwester, I dipped the jib until the white spray flew and beat against my face. Then squinting my eyes and gasping for breath, I'd laugh in glee, revelling in this height of ecstasy. And in procession close behind I saw my home, my mother and my father.

It was late indeed when I finally arose, piled more wood on the fire and pulled my saddle near that I might use it for a pillow. I lay down and slept that night somewhat as Jacob must have slept at Bethel.

Early the next morning, when the sun was just appearing over the distant mountains, my pack was set and I was on my way home.

And now often when life is drab and wearisome, when I am tired of people, cities and streets, I feel again the hush of the desert night; I hear the river San Carlos sing to me of home.

### Fable

SHERWOOD PRICE, '35

A "PAUNCHY" potato bug sat sunning himself on the rail of a railroad track. Beside him was a youngster of his own species; both were absorbing and enjoying to the full the rays of the beating sun. The long ribbon of shining steel sloped away toward an open plain on one hand; it was swallowed up in a murky fir woods on the other.

A faint tremor aroused the younger one from his torpor. "What's that noise?" he murmured.

His elder snorted. "Nothing, my boy; don't let anything hamper your enjoyment of this wonderful afternoon. Aren't the clouds beautiful?"

But the younger one stirred uneasily. Vague premonitions of unknown perils had effectually terminated his lassitude.

"I don't like the sound of it," he confided to the other. "It gives me a creepy feeling. Maybe we'd better get off this promontory — it renders our shapes conspicuous against the skyline of bugland."

The old patriarch of potato-bug land merely shrugged his shoulders. "Get off if you want to; as for me — I know nothing would venture to disturb my equanimity. My tough shell repels the attacks of savage June bugs and voracious Dodo bugs alike. Why should I worry?"

A far-off whistle made the youthful insect shudder. Reassurances failed to soothe him, and he announced his intention of moving on. A rumble, ever growing louder, drowned his puny voice, but the tones of the ponderous patriarch sounded above the ominous roar.

"Just a little windstorm — why, back in the summer of '29 —" Suddenly an enormous black shape bore down and engulfed him; the young potato bug, dashed to the ground in mid flight, clung weakly to a swaying blade of grass as the wind raised by the roaring train buffeted and tore at him.

When the caboose had flashed past, he scrutinized the height from which he had so recently dismounted. But nothing of his friend was visible; not even a stain marred the silvery surface. So the youthful bug, grateful for his timidity and inexperience, breathed a prayer of thanks to the Leptinotarsal deity and flew off in search of new potato fields to conquer.

### Hymn

SHARON VAN DYK, '35

(Tune: "Alas and Did My Saviour Bleed?")

O God of all, of even me,  
Help me to love Thee right,  
To hear Thy voice, Thy face to see,  
To walk, Lord, in Thy light.

My path is strewn with many a thorn,  
My footsteps falter oft,  
O Son of God, of virgin born,  
I lift my eyes aloft.

I journey through this world of fret  
Till Thou shalt call for me,  
Dear Lord, I pray Thee, watch me yet,  
Until I look on Thee.

### What Price Happiness?

ALICE CLARK, '34

DURING lulls in the dinner conversation it is now quite the thing to plunge into abysmal depths over the training of the offspring — whether they are yours or your next door neighbor's. To discipline or not to discipline — that is the question!

Arguments pro and con are hurled with bomb-like rapidity across the dinner-table until they ultimately burst before some horrified old fashioned mother. Modern young educators fervently advise her to withdraw a restricting hand (no matter if she has successfully raised five children). Let the child mold his own character without allowing environment to cast a shadow upon it. He must satisfy his every urge and benefit by Teacher Experience to create a personality. Let inquisitive Johnny burn his hand to learn for himself that the stove is hot! Allow little Mary to limit her education to cutting-out paper dolls and playing jacks. What does it matter if Johnny crushes chubby legs to discover for himself what happens when he and a fast moving car come in direct contact, and it would be a sordid crime to curtail Mary's individuality if she does go into an extensive study of her favorite screen stars and work out the latest dance step if her natural ability lies in that direction. I wonder about the ultimate happiness of little Johnny and Mary.

While walking some distance from home last week, I noticed a cluster of four perfectly formed flowers of exquisite shape and coloring. Three of them were guarded by a crude but effective bit of trellis, and their tall, slim stalks towered majestically upright, radiating a beauty perfect in its simplicity. But then I noticed the fourth flower. Somehow or other it had escaped the protecting hand of the trellis, and for some time it swayed gloriously about in a delicious freedom. Suddenly the wind came and blew mercilessly over the cluster of flowers. The three bent slightly under the stinging gale, but again came up with proudly lifted heads. But the fourth flower bent and broke until it lay almost hidden among dusty leaves. Its daintiness was soiled and spotted; the petals were torn and uneven, and were, even now, beginning to curl up with a brownish color.

Suddenly I felt very sorry for that lonely drooping flower away from the helping hand of the trellis and the companionate noddings of the upright flowers.

As I walked along I felt relieved to know that I had been forced to dust as well as play the piano, and to take Latin and Solid Geometry as well as Literature.

To discipline or not to discipline seems to be synonymous with happiness and success versus misery and failure.

"THEN you think there's a possibility?"

"You're shoutin' there's a possibility!" emphatically declared Consul Ryan. "Revolutions may be wet smacks to folks back in the old U. S., but they're a serious proposition down here. Pitched battles in the streets, burning buildings, shrieks and screams that will make your hair curl, and dead bodies everywhere. I tell you they're bad business and this one promises to be worse than usual; we've had so many of them that I know the earmarks of a bad one when I see it." At this point Ryan thought of something else, "But it seems funny to me that your paper would pay out a lot of money to send you to such an out-of-the-way place as this just to cover a mere revolution."

"I knew it," thought Gary disconsolately. "I knew he'd want to know the why and wherefore, but it's none of his business even if I don't tell him—well, he's been pretty friendly and helpful so I may as well."

"It's this way, Ryan," began Gary as he walked moodily to the one small window of the consul's office and gazed at the uninviting aspect of the main street of Puerita. "My dad is a retired police detective—you may have heard of his work on that jewel murder in 1920? No? Well, anyway, he'd always give the 'Sun' the scoop on big stories, so Charlie Haines, editor of the 'Sun,' in gratitude to him, gave me a job as a sort of free lance reporter, which means I could go wherever I wanted to and try to be on hand when something big happened. I was on hand all right. The first chance I got at a real story was when I heard of a hold-up which was being pulled off that night. Instead of calling the police I thought I'd cover it myself, be a hero, and also get a good story. Something happened, and I got on the scene late; by a few more bungles I turned a nice peaceful holdup into a shooting scrap, which ended when the owner of the place got a bullet above the heart. The holdup men beat it with the contents of the cash register and the worst of it was that I had been so busy trying to hide from stray bullets that I didn't even get a description of the crooks. You can imagine what old Charlie said to me at the office. He had to pay for the hospital bill of the storekeeper and also pay him a good sum to keep him quiet about the whole affair."

"That wasn't the only fluke I made. Every time I tried to cover a story something worse would happen. I was supposed to do a little burglary job one night—for the good of society, of course. I had to get some final evidence on a certain blackmailer. I got the evidence all right, but I had to light a match at one stage of my getaway and I guess it wasn't quite out cause the next morning I found that the building had gone up in smoke. Luckily no one knew or suspected the reason but the chief. Believe me, the air of the office was sulphurous for about one-half hour; I gathered from what he said that I was a nitwit, and hadn't the brains of a certain animal with big ears and a short tail. He sent me down here to get me out of the way. He didn't tell my Dad for fear he would worry about it, but I guess Dad has an idea that I am—" he broke off suddenly, "well I am a failure all right; everything I do seems to be jinxed."

Ryan began to laugh; his booming roar was so infectious that Gary lost a little of his woebegone look in spite of himself.

But he sobered instantly. "You may think it's funny," he began, "but it means a whole lot to me. In the first place I'm disgracing my Dad, and secondly, I can't ask a certain girl the question I want to ask—I know she'll say what I want—boy blue eyes, brown hair, little white—"

"I shouldn't wonder," interrupted Ryan dryly. "But you do make me laugh when you talk about being a failure; you don't know whether you're a failure or not till you're under the sod, and then you don't have to worry about it any more. You're about twenty-two years old—twenty-four? Anyway, you've got plenty of time to make blunders and still re-

deem them, that is unless you collect a few stray bullets from one of these cross-eyed revolutionists. Just keep a stiff upper lip and stay around a while, and if you're anything of a writer you ought to get a story that will redeem you and win your little cornflower besides."

"Thanks a lot, Ryan," said Gary as he turned towards the door. "You're the first one to give me a little encouragement. I'm sick of being called the 'Jinx Reporter.' I guess I'll hie myself to the hospital and interview General Lequilla. That was a cowardly trick of those dagoes to get him from behind, but I hear he's recovering rapidly. He ought to be able to give me some good dope on the cause of the trouble and a good start for my story. I'll be seeing you in a day or two."

"So long, Gary."

As he left the little white adobe building which housed the consul's office, Gary's spirits began to rise a trifle. "Ryan's right," he thought. "I'll just stay out of trouble by not interfering in anything and just write a story about the things I see. I've got the ability to write or else Charlie Haines wouldn't have told me so." He smiled as he thought of Charlie's scathing remarks to him three weeks before. "I surely must have been dumb," thought he, "to be deserving of all those remarks he yelled at me that day; he was plenty mad."

Gary Hammond presented a marked contrast to the natives of the town as he strode along over the rough cobblestone walk which paralleled a wider thoroughfare for wagons and horsemen. He was not much taller than most of them, which he regretted very much. He had been blue eyes, a shock of yellow hair, a square jaw and two hard fists which usually were willing to back up his stubborn stands on certain questions.

If a set of boxing gloves back in his college gym could talk, they could tell of many a time when he had lambasted his way to victory over a rash friend who had called him a runt on account of his five feet four.

He was well built, and walked down the main street of Puerita as if he owned the town; his shoulders were back, and he took a stride which showed he meant to get somewhere, in direct contrast with the shuffling gait the natives used.

After walking several blocks, Gary came to a large two-story building, which was also constructed of white adobe. It was situated some distance from the street and it had a general air of cleanliness not characteristic of the other buildings of the town. Several trees, of a species unknown to him, were growing in front of the building. "Hm," mused Gary aloud, "the government here at least builds decent hospitals; it certainly needs them if everything is true that I've heard about revolutions."

He walked up the broad white steps which led to the front entrance, and stepped inside. It was cool and refreshing in the dim hall after the terrific heat of the streets. He saw a sign above an open doorway at one side of the corridor and, supposing that the sign meant "information," walked in. He was met by a vociferous, swarthy individual, who, it seemed, wanted to know the why and wherefore of his visit. Gary had not been a resident of New York for twenty years without learning how to talk with foreigners; with the aid of much arm waving and sign language, plus the native's slight knowledge of English, he made his wants known and was given a pass and the directions to Leguilla's room.

He took his way through the several corridors and then ascended a flight of stairs to the second floor. Upon reaching the top he saw a huge Peruvian standing before a door some distance down the hall. As he advanced, the sentry raised his carbine so that it pointed somewhere near the place where Gary put his meals, and as he thought that he could use his stomach for several years to come, he raised one hand high above his head and extended his pasteboard pass with the other. The vigilant sentry peered at it suspiciously and then stepped surlily aside to permit him to enter the room.

He found General Leguilla sitting upright in his hospital cot, gazing out of the window into the courtyard below; for the hospital was built

around an open court as are many old style buildings in foreign countries. When he had introduced himself, he stated his purpose. He found, as Ryan had said, that the general could speak excellent English. He gladly agreed to tell Gary all he knew about the revolution and gave him some valuable information concerning leaders and the situation in general. He denounced in no uncertain terms the brand of men who would hire an assassin to shoot him in the back and then leave him to bleed to death.

Gary gathered from further remarks that the General was a little afraid that another attempt would be made on his life. With the General out of the way, the revolutionists would meet little opposition in taking over the government; the army would promptly desert to the side of the revolutionists and aid them in the killing of the president and the other officers of the country.

At the end of a half hour Gary had some valuable information and also a strange liking for the little general. He resolved to go at once to his hotel and write the first part of his story; after thanking Lequilla for his help he turned to go.

"You are entirely welcome to any future help that I can give you, Meestair Hammon," replied Lequilla. "If you are at a loss for particulars, come to me and I will do all I can."

As Gary went out, Lequilla bellowed something to the guard, who left his post to enter the room.

"If Lequilla has any more men as ferocious looking as this one, he ought to lick the rebels by just letting them peek at their faces," thought Gary with a grin.

As he was going down the walk which led to the street, he was met by a Peruvian who was carrying a basket whose contents were covered by a cloth. "Probably taking a little food to a friend," Gary surmised. "Maybe to Lequilla."

He clapped his hand to his pocket in dismay. He smothered a vicious "damn" and turned to go back to the hospital for his pen which he had left in Lequilla's room; as he turned, he saw the Peruvian with the basket enter the hospital.

When Gary opened the door, the fellow was quite a distance down the corridor; he evidently had been passed without question by the man in the office at the front. When he arrived at the top of the stairs he again saw the fellow proceeding a ways ahead of him. He was peering at the numbers on the various doors and was nearing Lequilla's room when Gary noticed that the guard was still talking with Lequilla; for he was not before the door.

The basket carrier appeared too intent to visit Lequilla for he walked directly toward his room when he saw that the number above the door corresponded with the one on his pass.

"Some more of my luck," thought Gary angrily. "Now I'll have to wait until he has paid his call."

That swarthy one peered into his basket as if to see whether his gift was as he wanted it to be. It did not seem to suit him for he set the basket down, removed the cloth covering, and took out something which looked to Gary like a small pumpkin.

"Now what," said Gary to himself, "can the general do with an uncooked pumpkin?"

Suddenly he felt a prickling in the back of his neck as the Peruvian pulled the stem from the pumpkin.

"It's a bomb," he yelled, but the words were only a whisper. Then he let out a yell that echoed and re-echoed through the corridor. At the same time he started sprinting frantically towards the bomber, who stood stock still a moment. But he soon recovered himself, pulled open the door and heaved the bomb into the room, after which he slammed the door shut and bolted down a corridor which led to the right.

He ran with the wings of fear pulling him along, but Gary gained rapidly, running with the same short stride that had helped him overhaul fleet enemy halfbacks in college.

"Now or never," he thought and left his feet in a long low tackle. It was beautifully timed, and as he felt his arms close about the other's knees, a thrill of exultation shot through him. However, just then he heard a dull boom which shook the walls of the corridor and perhaps gave added impetus to one of the Peruvian's flying feet for as it swung up on its backward arc, it connected very forcibly with the end of Gary's nose, which fact caused him to forget all about tackling anyone's knees. He was sprawled out on the hard floor and, to say the least, jarred considerably.

By the time he became conscious enough to get up, his quarry had taken full advantage of his opportunity and had disappeared through one of the hospital's rear exits.

Gary was torn between a desire to swear and to weep; he did a little of each as he thought of the mess the bomb had made of the general and his sentry and probably the occupants of the adjoining rooms. He ran from the hospital which was quickly being surrounded by a mob of excited people. Putting all of his grief and resentment into the blow, he knocked down an officious looking policeman who tried to stop him.

"Well that settles it," he thought disconsolately as he wandered through the deserted streets. "I'll write to Dad and to Charlie and tell them I've bungled another chance. I'll write a letter of farewell to Janet; she won't mind after a while; plenty of fellows want her and will be glad to marry her." Something ached within him as he stumbled blindly over the rough stones. "Dad'll be heartbroken because I didn't equal his record; Charlie will be sorry for me—as if that'd do any good. And Janet—" he refused to think of her. "I can't go back to her after this." He shuddered as he pictured the mangled bodies of Lequilla and his faithful sentry.

"I should have known when I first saw that devil's evil face that he was up to something bad; his intent, wicked expression showed that he had screwed his courage to commit some crime. And then when he stood in the hall, I could easily have stopped him if I had had any sense; I might have known that he wouldn't give Lequilla a pumpkin. A pumpkin! He laughed a bitter, scornful laugh. It's better that I don't marry her; I'd jinx our marriage from the start.

Two hours later he arrived at the consul's office and dropped exhausted into a chair. The consul was startled at his wild, disheveled appearance; his clothes were torn and wringing wet; his eyes were wild and his nose was swollen from the blow of the assassin's heel.

"What in thunder happened to you, my boy?" Ryan asked anxiously. "That bomb at the hospital didn't land on you, did it?"

"No, but it might as well—" then he blurted the whole story to Ryan.

When he finished, Ryan grinned and then began to laugh.

"You're a fine friend," Gary began angrily. "Two people killed, many more hurt, and the revolution probably a success, all on account of my blunders. I lose Janet—and you laugh. You may think that it's funny, but I can't laugh with you."

Ryan subsided suddenly. "You don't know the half of it," he said kindly. "When you yelled, that poor, misguided bomb thrower got so scared that he heaved that grenade clear across the room and out of the window. When it exploded, it merely blew a hole in the pavement of the courtyard and also scared two shades of dirt off that sentry of Lequilla. He's been confessing sins to a priest for the last two hours."

### Lines

GERALD HEERSMA, "34

Beautiful lily, floating on the pond,

Gold of the sunlight, fallen from the sky,

Wavelets scarce move you on your rooted bond,

As breezes, passing, press your lips and sigh!

MARIE VERDUIN, '34

FOR two hundred years, the memory of George Washington has remained alive in the hearts of his countrymen. During these years there has probably been no other one in America who has received more tributes of praise; nevertheless, his greatness does not seem to fade or grow old. As the country which he has helped to create has developed in years and experience, America has realized more and more the greatness of the man called the "Father of His Country."

In the crisis through which we are now passing, a period of economic and social distress, it is especially fitting that we should pause to consider upon what ideals our nation was built, and what qualities of citizenship are necessary for its preservation. Does not our personal and our national life need the cleansing of sentiment and the quickening of patriotism which the appreciation of the character of George Washington affords?

You are aware that there have grown up about Washington, as there have about many of the great heroes of history, numerous myths and legends which are harmful to a true appreciation of his character. As a result, he has become to many a cold figure of marble without a soul, an idol to be worshipped, but which remains only a demi-god. If he has become this, it is largely the fault of his early biographers who were afraid to mold him from the common clay of humanity, and who eliminated from his character any trait that was not wholly admirable. We are thankful that today the process of humanizing Washington has begun.

Unless Washington was occasionally guilty of prevarication, unless he sometimes made mistakes, he could not have been a normal human being. Certainly he had a white-hot temper which he was not able always to control. He was not at all times above criticism, nor was he a genius or a great intellect. There have, no doubt, been greater military leaders than he, more sparkling wits, or patriots who have given equally to the service of their country. America has begun to realize that Washington had his faults and his shortcomings, but that, in spite of them, he was great.

Let us, then, neither ignore his faults nor, on the other hand, adopt the practice of some historiographers who root and delve into the character of Washington, eagerly searching for some flaw. Rather, let us acknowledge his faults, discuss his noble traits for, with all the humanizing, his character still remains an austere rugged mountain, lifting its head above the clouds.

Among the peaks of his fine characteristics, rising highest above all, is his power of leadership. Leading the Revolution was not only a matter of military strategy, but it was the task to prevent from falling the infant Republic, learning to take its first few tottering steps. The one integrating force in the war was the powerful personality of Washington—the force that held the army and the cause together and led the nation on to amazing victory. During the strain and hardships of the gruelling years that preceded this victory, Washington displayed also a physical bravery and a moral courage that forever marks him as a hero. We have only to recall his expeditions into the Ohio valley, the winter spent at Valley Forge, and such battles as Trenton, Germantown, Monmouth to stand in awe of his unwavering courage. We do not find in him a Napoleon who remained in comfort and luxury in his tents while he sent out his soldiers to be ruthlessly slaughtered! We do find here a leader who exposed himself fearlessly to the enemy's fire; who endured suffering with his soldiers. Confronted with a band of men driven to mutiny with neglect and defeat, George Washington maintained a calmness of mind and a fortitude of spirit that blazes his name forever in the galaxy of the truly great. When we recall Washington's faith that put courage back into the hearts of men on the brink of despair; when we think of his calmness of mind in the midst of harassing circumstances; when we

remember his courage and loyalty our hearts are fired with renewed zeal to strive toward the ideal which he has held up for us—his posterity.

He was willing to suffer these untold hardships; he stood firm in loyalty to his purpose, because his penetrating eyes had beheld the vision of the future of America which, amidst all the confusion and strife, was still dim to the eyes of other mortals. Henry Van Dyke has said: "He had an instinctive power to divine the new aims and hopes which were the common inspiration of the people's cause and the creative force of the American nation. The power to understand this, the faith to believe in it, and the unselfish courage to live for it, was the central factor of Washington's life."

Friends, the fact that Washington was outstanding in no one particular field of endeavor, does not detract from his glory, but only makes him a more thorough American. In the blending of the desirable traits of many fields of achievement, however, he has been proclaimed without a rival. Edward Everett, in discussing the genius of Washington, has said: "Alexander the Great was a genius, Caesar was a genius, Napoleon was a genius but they broke, they snapped, they splintered, and as they did so, they scattered blood and havoc about them. Washington was not a genius, his nature was rather a solid and rounded whole; but it turned and moved upward in an ascending orbit, a wheel of progress that revolved with compelling power."

In this age of speed, of nervous unrest, and of artificiality, we need a stability such as this; a sane steadiness of diversified interests, and quiet perseverance that revolves in unbroken power and draws ever upward.

In no aspect, perhaps, does Washington hold up for us quite so high an ideal as in his true patriotism. Washington scorned any selfish considerations. He was, in the first place, one of the few wealthy men who would not join the ranks of the Tories. We do not condemn the latter too harshly, we only admire the more the wisdom of Washington, who had perhaps more to lose than any of them, in not being blinded by personal interests or pride of rank. He was willing not merely to sacrifice himself for the cause, but he advanced \$64,000 from his own purse, with no other security than uncertain victory in the dim future to pay his personal expenses. He left the creature comforts of his beautiful Mt. Vernon home to spend the best years of his life on the battlefields, all because he was willing to give the best that he had for his country. Once he had joined himself with the Revolution, he entered into it with his whole heart and soul. No slander, ingratitude, or hardship of any sort could induce him to waver even for an instant. Nor once during the intense struggles did he ever take personal revenge upon any of those that had injured him. Then, when the war was over, and he believed that his hopes for peaceful seclusion at his home were about to be realized, again came to him his country's call, and again he responded, laying aside all personal desires, forgetting self, and going bravely on for the welfare of his country. So he stands to the end, an incorruptible patriot!

So have we seen the man Washington, a human being with human faults, yet possessing such ideals of character as to inspire us to higher aims—the power of leadership, great physical and moral bravery, vision, balance, and true patriotism. And yet these can at best be only poor estimates of his greatness. Calvin Coolidge has truly said: "We cannot estimate him, we can only indicate our reverence to him, and thank Divine Providence which sent him to serve and inspire his fellowmen." Yet we must do more than honor him for the qualities which he possessed. Many are the tributes which signify the place our First President holds in the esteem of the nation: the majestic white domes of the capitol named for him hold some of his grandeur; his portrait adorns the halls of many an art gallery; on the rugged face of Mt. Rushmore his features are being blasted in the rock; and from the banks of the Potomac rises the greatest of them all—a slim, towering shaft—his memorial! But these tributes are not enough. What honor, think you, are they to Washington if the heart of the nation which offers them has become corrupted, and the prin-



ciples for which he stood are forgotten and crumble away in disuse?

In this two hundredth anniversary of his birth, the nation has paused for an instant in its mad onward rush to do honor to the memory of Washington. May each one of us then, in contemplation of this splendid figure, feel our hearts quickened by some of his nobleness. May we be inspired to higher ideals by the high ideals which he possessed. May we catch from him some spark of celestial fire which will purify our hearts and fill us with the zeal to go on in the path that he has laid out for us. For certainly there is thrown out to every American today, as there was to him then, the challenge of an honest and unselfish life, a life uplifted by devotion to an ideal. There is a battle which we must fight today as he fought a battle then. If he inspires in our hearts any of his nobleness of character and patriotism; if he lifts us up to higher levels, to cleanse the foundations of our national life from political and social corruption; if he teaches the youth of today the glory of serving such a country as America, then he shall not have lived in vain.

### Lines

HARRI ZEGERIUS, '33

When I wake at pale dawning and quiver with pain  
At the thought that I'll never behold you again,  
Deep darkness creeps o'er me — it rolls like a cloud  
And drapes 'round my head like a funeral shroud.

My spirit is still then and tenderly weeps  
Like a low-drooping willow that all the night sleeps  
In its sorrow, and awakes with a shiver,  
Shedding soft-falling rain on a lonely river.

### Buddha

MARGARET ROTTSCHAEFER, '35

The tiny wavelets, gurgling, skip  
Below the bo-tree's leaves  
Which softly shade from sun and rain  
The Saddhu's reveries.

Cross-legged on the flower-strewn grass  
He thinks of the Middle Way,  
While in the tree the bul-buls sing —  
In the streams the goldfish play.

At early dawn gazelles leap here  
And at the master gaze;  
Their velvet eyes in rapture look  
At him enshrined in haze.

At eventide the breezes fan  
The Buddha lost in thought;  
He contemplates on human dust  
And thinks that flesh is naught.

### Pseudo-Sonnet

SHERWOOD PRICE, '35

My pulses hammer when I think  
Of speaking out the truth to you;  
And oft I feel my courage sink,  
When ardor breaks its bonds anew.  
I've dreamed of rumpling up your hair  
And whispering in your shell-pink ear  
That you, oh fairest of the fair,  
Are all that I on earth hold dear.

But each new gesture, half-formed, meek,  
Dies ere it reaches your soft cheek;  
Each little word, with meaning fraught,  
Is not transformed to speech from thought;  
Recourse I have, my love, but one:  
I've written this; my part is done.

### A Translation from the Arabic

ABRAHAM NORMAN, '33

WHEN Alexander the Great lay cold and motionless in a golden coffin, a man approached the corpse and, addressing it, said: "O thou who used to hide the gold, the gold hides thee now! Thou hast conquered the whole earth and now ownest four yards of it only. How have thy dreams ended in vapor and thy greed in smoke! Thou sleepest the sleep that knows no waking, and dreamest of battlefields no more. Thou whose voice shook the nations but yesterday canst not even move a limb today. Thou complaineest not of the narrowness of thy place when the whole universe was too small for thee. Thou hast killed many that thou mightest live, and now thou art dead. How proud and terrible but yesterday! How meek and lowly today! Thy tables are laid and thy palaces stand, but where is the head of the table?"

Then the daughter of Darius came forward and said, "I never thought that the conqueror of my father could ever be conquered!"

### On Hearing the Fire Whistle at Midnight

MARGARET C. DREGMAN, '35

Dread terror of my black and dreamless night!  
Shrill clarion of the flames' relentless grasp!  
With piercing shriek you rent in twain the mask  
Of sleep from off my heavy brain. No light  
There was to fast dispel with gleaming bright  
The instant visioned horrors of dreams past,  
That taught my restless mind the dying gasp  
Of humans writhing in the flames' fell night.  
No mercy here your death song stopped to show,  
You paid scant heed to my low piteous moan;  
But drove your high exulting ecstasy  
Forth on its wildly winging flight below,  
To pierce the night and fling your fearsome tone  
To my faint heart, and make your victim me.

P O E M S

ALBERT HOLLAND '34

*On Esdraelon's Windy Plains*

Old Esdraelon's windy plains are cold  
This night, and jackals yelp their lonely watch  
While shepherds keep their vigil under stars  
That burn as coldly as in other years.  
The long-dead hosts that peopled this old land  
Are numbered with the stones and lie as still,  
As mute to your reproach. But lend an ear,  
And in the mighty hush of desolate hills  
Unquiet spirits hail thee, and bow down  
Upon their former haunts, their ancient homes,  
And sigh of unremembered days, then leave  
You there a witness to the slender moon,  
Symbol of ageless change that turns again  
Back to its fulness.

Through the rugged night  
The moon endures, while searching winds rush by,  
And myriad stars, in spaces infinite,  
All silent brood, then silently depart.

*Communion*

Now at the close of day there is a late  
Sweet scent of trees and blooms and freshened things,  
And in these quiet depths the spirit sings,  
Exultant at the prospect, and elate.  
And deep, unfolding mysteries await  
And cover one like mantles, and on wings  
The soul flies up, and the calm silence brings  
The knowledge of a power that is not fate.

Communion thus, the solace and the bliss  
Which One in Galilee so often sought,  
Is like the magic of Gethsemane  
That stored compassion for a traitor's kiss,  
And made the attributes the rabble fought  
But failed to rob of their benignity.

*To E. H.*

Now to my consciousness there comes a thought  
Of one set far apart by love's deep grace;  
And radiant in my mind, a kindly face  
Bestows the benediction that it brought:  
Psychean sister, this the world has sought  
And seldom known; and nothing can erase  
Your memory, nor ever win the place  
Of loveliness which sets the rest at naught.

What fleeting glance, what shallow, loveless heart  
Essays your place, and is foredoomed to fail;  
What urgency is met and cast aside,  
While you pursue unaltered love's great art,  
And find your own true nature to prevail,  
To suffer, and yet firmly to abide!

P O E M S

ALBERT HOLLAND '34

*Furled*

The sails flapped  
As the wind lapped  
In hunger intermittent;  
While the sea birds' cries  
Awoke the skies  
The sun came up transcendent.  
Out of a faint and pearly flush  
Flung far on the horizon's line,  
Through the dreaming day, till the evening hush  
Attended its slow decline,  
It watched and saw a little boat  
On a sea of blue and white afloat,  
With the white sails flapping  
And the blue waves lapping,  
Licking the anchor line.

*Serenity*

Nodding anew in soft serenity there,  
By the stilly margin lapped and soft caressed,  
A lily, pure as morning, lifts its crest  
Above the fostering watered darkness where  
It finds its stand, and in the heavy air  
Shows forth to gladdened eyes a glory blessed  
Of heaven above; it knows but one behest —  
To make the life of man more bright and fair.

As rare as lilies spangled o'er with dew,  
That ever reign, unsullied crowns of art,  
Through aspect speaking virtues tongued with light;  
So sweet, my love, are reverent thoughts of you,  
That surging, welling deeply, find my heart  
In full response and taking dreamed delight.

*Reflections*

Wavelets, water, moon-caressed,  
Where a lover, dream-possessed,  
Watches every little crest  
Follow on;  
Waves roll up and sigh and swish,  
Sigh of his unspoken wish —  
But she is gone.

May within your treasury linger,  
From a pale rose, one petal white,  
A petal given in surrender,  
Fragile, but not broken quite.

## The Advantages of a College Engagement

ANONYMOUS

THE criterion of every courtship is romance. If ever there was a suitable place for a romance to bud and flourish, it is in the college halls of America. The quietness of the old libraries, the beloved ivy-walled buildings, the pleasant walks, the benevolent old shade trees, that have bestowed their silent blessing upon many a couple keeping their tryst beneath their boughs, and cloistered nooks furnished with rustic benches are all conducive to the development of courtships. Something electrifying is in the very atmosphere of these campuses that is particularly favorable to young love. Since some girls' courtships are not as romantic as they would desire them to be, the moral of our story is: "Go to college, girls, if you desire a perfect setting for your romance!"

The youth and maiden in college have much in common, which, as you will have to agree, is a distinct advantage. They are interested in the same things, for their backgrounds at the present time are essentially the same. All this will change as soon as graduation day is past. Then all that they will have in common will be their school memories.

To the girl the most immediate benefit is the certainty of an escort to all college affairs. This eliminates all the worry and mental agony which uncertain expectation brings about. A fellow can go alone, nonchalantly, to all social functions. All the will power and common sense, that a girl possesses and can muster, are heavily drawn upon to force her to go unattended to these "doings." This bravado soon wears thin if not entirely away, and then a girl is entirely at loss to know just what to do.

The boon to the young man in this matter of courtship is the cheapness of it. The strain on his pocketbook is less in this case than if he waits until he is out of school to go "a-wooing." Most girls, considering the financial status of their boy-friends, are willing to attend matinees, to sit in balconies at lectures, plays and concerts, to go without the customary candy and flowers, and foregoing the pleasure of wearing the traditional stone, they are content to wear their "Best Beau's Frat pin." They realize, I believe, that young men have a difficult enough time getting through school without being too burdensome themselves. The sad part about all this is that all girls do not feel this way.

A rather doubtful benefit, to my way of thinking, is the opportunity for study together. We are the inheritors of two axioms that are opposites of each other. They are: "Two heads are better than one," and "Too many cooks spoil the soup." The fact that one or the other *may* work makes this plan rather a hazardous one. What is more disgusting than to arrive at class all prepared for the battle and then find that the person with whom you had studied had the wrong slant on the whole proposition. The remainder of the day is meaningless. We are apt to say, if questioned by someone, that we are down in the "dumps."

The most advantageous aspect of these courtships and engagements is the scarcity of divorces among college graduates. I am not saying that there are none, but the percentage of divorces is smaller than the percentage among those who have not attended an institution of higher learning. Let us see just why this is so. A boy or girl has the opportunity and the privilege while in school of trying them all out before singling out the "One" from all others. Because of the careful training which these young people have received in the lecture rooms and laboratories of our colleges and universities, they do not expect too much of a person. Through their close association and companionship during four years, they are able to discern the qualities, good and bad, which go to make up the individual. Possessing this knowledge they are able to adjust themselves to other people. And the result is more happy marriages.

## SPRING VERSE

### The Challenge

MARGARET C. DREGMAN, '35

He was nestled and curled on the slender tip  
Of a sleek brown, gray-pearled twig  
That brushed on my face and tweaked at my hair  
As I rambled along in the changing spring air.  
He ruffled his tiny soft gray back  
At the sharp March winds and the shadows black  
That bowling clouds cast dark on the grass.  
Now he peeped from his winter casement at last,  
The first opened bud, a wee sma' fellow,  
And flaunted the spring — a pussy willow!

### Nativity

SHERWOOD PRICE, '35

A tiny seed — infinitesimal dot!  
Felt a vague stirring within,  
Knew a gradual awakening of latent power.  
Warmth streamed down upon the upper surface of the earth,  
Penetrating to where,  
Just beyond the contact of roving winds,  
The seed lay panting.  
Warm rains splashed upon the stones,  
Trickled down the hills in miniature,  
Soaked slowly in the thirsty ground beneath.  
Vaguely, vainly it seemed at first,  
New promise filtered in with sun and rain  
Until the seed in one exhaustive rapture  
Cracked its shell.  
Surprised to find a ruptured gutta-percha cranium  
Did not at all denote the end of Life's extent,  
The seed stretched  
And yawned  
And pushed  
Until a wrinkle furrowed slightly  
The time and storm-scarred face of Mother Earth.  
A sense of unfilled destiny,  
Of unknown course, to be pursued  
At instinct's dictates, Nature's wise proviso,  
Permeated to the marrow of the tender shoot  
That pushed its pointed prong into the dirt,  
While, above, the shell strained manfully  
To rise beyond the clinging grains of sand.  
Not long, and the tender leaves  
Had cast aside their narrow prison  
And reveled in the light.

### Spring's Come

DOROTHY SONNEGA, '35

From tongue to tongue,  
To old, to young,  
It rolled along —  
The joyful song:  
"Spring's come!"

HENRY KLEINHEKSEL, '34

I've tasted spring's strong, heady wine;  
A burning madness in the blood  
That racks this throbbing heart of mine  
Is breaking out in riotous flood.

The quiet joys I used to know  
Are lost within this swirling tide,  
But, underneath, I sense the flow  
Of Life's strong current, deep and wide.

Each spring this madness seizes me  
And warms me with its thrilling heat,  
And so each spring has come to be  
A time when Life is doubly sweet.



## Jekyll or Hyde?

HAROLD DEWINDT, '33

ROBERT Louis Stevenson tells the mysterious story of a renowned London doctor, who was committed to a profound duplicity of life. The baser elements of his soul were in persistent contention with the good, and this inner strife made life for him almost unbearable. Now, Doctor Jekyll was a chemist of no little ingenuity, and he succeeded in concocting one day certain agents which had the power to change his fleshly vestment; yes, shake the very fortress of his identity, dethrone the good Doctor Jekyll and substitute a second countenance which bore the stigma of the ignoble nature within him. This second person, called Mr. Hyde, was inherently malign and villainous. His life was one of vicarious depravity; wherever he went he left a path of blood and dishonor. For many years the great doctor changed his identity at will, saving life in the person of Doctor Jekyll and taking life in the person of Edward Hyde. But there came a day, says the story, when he could no longer compound the potion which changed him back to Jekyll.

Edward Hyde, my friends, is still living. Today he takes the form of the silver movie screen; but he is still committed to the same duplicity of life. One day we see him as a great servant of humanity, ministering to a sick and weary world. Another day we see him as a hideous monster, inciting young men to crime and women to immorality. He has taken possession of the world, and he is today the principal formative influence in our life. Daily the movie is speaking to the human race in a tongue that is understood as readily on the Congo as at Cambridge. But what is it saying? Ah, there's the rub! Not many moving pictures have anything worthwhile to say, and more than eighty per cent of them are pandering to the lowest and vilest elements in human nature.

This condition becomes pertinently dangerous when we consider that the modern movie hour has taken the place of the old-fashioned story hour. The former after-dinner cry, "Mother, tell us a story," is growing faint amid the din of "Mother, may we go to the talkies?" And out of apartment buildings and homes each evening come seven million American children, gleefully dancing and skipping to follow this modern Edward Hyde away to a magic hollow, where placed in rows, "little shoes to little shoes," they sit entranced by the tales that are so vividly told.

If you will watch these same youngsters at their play, you will observe that the "movie stars" have become the heroes and heroines of their daily conversations. Jack is Tom Mix, Harry is Edward Robinson—the toughest gangster of the underworld; Betty has actually become Greta Garbo, and little Ruth is the "It" girl of filmdom. Junior and adolescent

America is rapidly becoming like the movies, and the lax habits and moral standards of the screen artists are unconsciously assimilated by the plastic minds of our youth.

If one were to accept as true the teachings of the screen today, it would be necessary to believe that the home of ideals and purity is practically non-existent; that virtue in a woman is altogether a novelty, and that the real attractions of life are found in the wanton violations of those old standards of morality which have stood as the secure foundations of Christian civilization. From Reno to Boston we decry the evils of divorce in America; we lament the degradation of the institution of marriage; we clamor about the partial failure of prohibition; but we have let the cinema go on uncriticized, in spite of the fact that there is no force in our land which has done more to break down prohibition and destroy the sanctity of marriage than have the movies.

Nowadays the power of sex appeal in an actress is a sounder investment for the box office than histrionic talent. Sex must dominate the whole show if it is to be a "big hit." I do not exaggerate. I cannot exaggerate the perils of this cinema problem. Two hundred and fifty million people are witnessing these burlesque sex plays daily and the effect is inevitable.

Since the innovation of the popular underworld plays, crime has become as malignant a result of the movies as has sex consciousness. Last year more than half the "cuts" made by censors came under the heading *Inciting to Crime*. You say, this is an extravagant charge? I answer with the testimonials of criminologists, statisticians and other students of lawlessness, who are piling up evidence that the screen is the world's greatest crime instigator. When Warden McKenty of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania was asked whether the movies incited to crime he said: "I know that criminals are made in the picture houses." Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York City writes: "The movies are in my opinion a principal factor in increasing crime." And Roger Babson observes that "the pictures are the basic cause of the crime waves today." So you see, fellow students, that the cinema presents a colossal problem to sociologists the country over. Manila reports that seventy per cent of the crimes and immoralities there have been inspired by films imported from the United States. In short, for more than a decade now our movies have sponsored the universal school of crime in all nations.

Does the fact that in two months' time within the past year one hundred and fifty pictures exhibited everywhere in these states were barred *in toto* from Canada and Australia, mean that we are less sensitive to what is unclean and debasing than our English-speaking relatives? Does it mean that we are growing content with lower standards of morality? Does it mean that America, instead of being the saviour of the world, is becoming the debaucher and corrupter of the world? Repeated warnings against American films are being sounded from all quarters of the globe—from China and Japan, India and Italy, Germany and France. Even the "unspeakable Turk" is aroused to protect himself against the baleful influence of a Christian nation. Little wonder that an oriental said: "Your Jesus is hopelessly handicapped by his connection with the West."

These charges are not new. They were rolling up in formidable array ten years ago, when Will Hays became "czar of the movies." For a decade now we have experimented with censorship, and in the eight states where films are censored they are no less devoted to lasciviousness or inanity; and the reviewers agree that censorship is a miserable failure because it is inadequate. Indeed, all attempts at legislation against the cinema have failed. Almost unceasingly, women's clubs, parent-teacher associations and civic and religious organizations have petitioned congress for action, but nothing appreciable has been accomplished—Hays has seen to that.

How shall we combat this monstrous evil, my friends? Have we grown listless to the simple, yet persistent, answer—"Overcome evil with good?" The Gospel writer never said to overcome evil through governmental

suppression or hate-breeding violence, or forcible censorships. No. To solve this movie problem, the sort of thing we need is not laws and censors. We need some popular Pericles, some modern Ruskin. We need men to expose the cheapness and vulgarity of these movies; men who will educate instead of legislate; men who will make decency fashionable. People who, by their own patronage, will make good pictures a vogue and a passion, proving even to the sensation-seekers that real thrills are not found in murder and harlotry, but in such rich dramas as "Ben Hur" and "Disraeli." Good moving pictures need your support and encouragement. It is impossible to have great plays until there are audiences who will attend them. The very best plays which have been filmed have, alas, not been profitable to the industry; and since business functions primarily for profit, we should not merely condemn the producers for the menace of the movies today—we should also chide ourselves. When good men sit lethargically at home, cultivating the feeling that the movies are dirty and vulgar—then remember it is not the movie mastered by ignorance, it is the movie betrayed by intelligence; it is not the victory of Mammon, it is the surrender of the church; it is not that producers are bold, but that good men are shirkers of their duty.

For these last ten years we have permitted the exhibition of under-world pictures of crime and lust, and then punish the poor victims that have suffered from such contamination. I say, if we continue to punish for racketeering, theft and murder, then let us relegate pictures that promote these crimes. If polygamy is a sin and we intend to punish polygamists, let us boycott the films that tend to produce polygamist habits of thought. My friends, if we continue to allow this modern Edward Hyde to lead us into the labyrinths of social pathology, and do not provide him the needed recovery agents, we have a right to believe that all our gestures at law observance and enforcement are mere acts of hypocrisy.

Does not civilization stand in sore need of a message of a unifying and peace-begetting nature? The silver screen offers it a medium whereby such a message can be carried to the ends of the earth, to be known to all mankind as the "Esperanto of the Eye." Shall it be written that you approve the things that are excellent; that you support the best and ignore the rest; that you are doing your part to make the moving picture what it ought to be—a ministering servant of the world?

### *Affirmation*

A. H.

I would not drink of Omar's lauded wine,  
Nor deep in Life's uncertainty decline;  
The cup I drink is purer far than that  
Which through its tempting mocks a high design.

The God I worship speaks of love alone,  
No festive rites with wine for me atone;  
On higher courses and on surer paths  
Pure light will always shine, has ever shone.

No twisted reasons can my sins condone,  
Or pluck from Life's symphonic piece a tone  
That mars the music—for I know of One  
Who loved me even through death, and One alone.

He knows my frame, and that I am but dust;  
He speaks to those who place in him a trust.  
To searching eyes and welcoming hearts afar  
He signs a path of mercy, yet is just.

### *Brought Away*

A. H.

The hemlocks moan and sigh,  
And tower above;  
A vagrant wind goes by  
With a sound I love.  
There are voices in the wood around;  
Brook-born melody  
Blends with the larger sound—  
A woodland symphony!

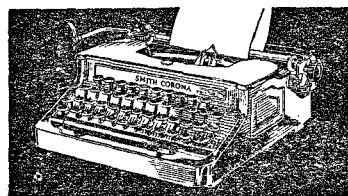
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*The Oldest and Largest State Bank in Ottawa County*

Dr. Edw. D. Dimment, President

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*Member of the Federal Reserve System*

A Few Suggestions for Graduation—

SUITS

TIES

SWEATERS

SHIRTS

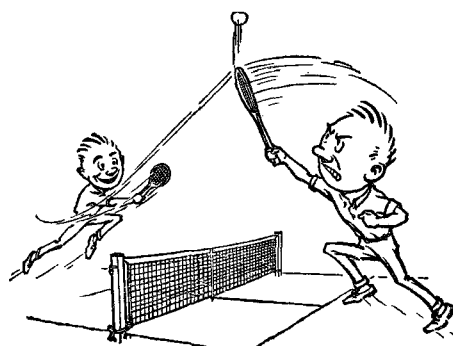
P. S. BOTER & COMPANY

Morses' or Gilberts'  
Chocolates

Holland's Finest Ice Cream Parlor

## A. P. FABIANO

26 West 8th Street



## TENNIS EQUIPMENT

and any other out-  
fits for athletic  
use

## SUPERIOR

"Specialists in Athletic Goods"

Laughlin's  
Restaurant  
Best Coffee in Town



*A real good place to eat*



72 East 8th Street  
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Jos. Borgman, Manager  
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## MODEL LAUNDRY

"The Soft Water  
Laundry"

Wet Wash, Rough Dry  
Finished Work

Holland, - Michigan

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It's Smart to Buy Good Shoes and  
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Opposite Post Office

## MEYER MUSIC HOUSE

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"For Things Musical"

## COLONIAL SWEET SHOP

Candies, Fancy Sundaes, Hot Fudge Sundaes, Hot Chocolate,  
Toasted Sandwiches, Gilbert's Chocolates

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**R**EAL, dollar-saving reasons have put  
Penney's into the Spotlight again.  
Come along—see why? Never, *never*  
have you witnessed such a value-giving  
performance! Every saving a "hit!"  
Every value proving once more that Pen-  
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## J. C. PENNY CO.

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**\$15.00**

—At—

JEANE'S SHOPPE

208 College Ave. Ph. 2170

Fingerwave with Sham-  
poo **50c**

Public Beauty Shop  
188 River Ave.

We Specialize in College Trade

HOME DRY CLEANERS

C. J. Essenburgh

210 College Ave. Phone 3611

*IF*

*You are not Going Home This  
Summer*

Send the Folks a Photograph

*It might bring a cheque*

## WINSLOW STUDIO



**"THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM!"**

**XZESPIO (born with wings)**

**EXHIBIT A—MERCURY**

**EXHIBIT B—PEGASUS**

—♦—

In the best families (or any others for the matter), that doesn't happen nowadays. Hence the United States Air Corps offers some attractive inducements to you college students for whom it has built a \$10,000,000 institution at San Antonio, Texas, where they teach you to fly and while you are learning:

Pay you a salary of \$75.00 per month. Pay your living expenses.

Supply you (free, of course), with snappy, tailor-made, sky blue uniforms.

Grant you the social and military privileges of potential officers.

Pay your traveling expenses from your home to the new field at San Antonio. Seven hundred Men are taken in each year. The course requires a year to complete and includes over 200 hours of solo flying. Those who stay the full year are commissioned as Lieutenants in the Air Corps Reserve.

If you don't like the training you may resign at any time. For example:

Should you stay three months and then resign you will receive \$225.00 cash, your round-trip expenses from your home to San Antonio, and about 50 hours of solo flying.

The service and associations of the Air Corps gives its members a very real distinction and a very noticeable breadth and poise.

If you have applied and are ready to go, we have compiled information and tips giving you inside angles and dope that will be invaluable when you arrive at the field. If you haven't applied yet then by all means get our information. We tell you the entrance procedure and certain twists that make your getting in easier and quicker. The information written by men who have been through the school covers all points from beginning to end that you are interested in knowing. This information cannot be obtained elsewhere; it is complete. Nothing else to buy. The price is \$1.00 or sent C. O. D. if you desire.

## **National Aviation Service**

742 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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